

economy and with thriftiness enough to apply that knowledge, live little above the eighteen-cent a day limit per person, for actual food cost. I had always lived economically, but when asked to test in a practical way the experiments of the government food experts I hardly thought the allowance would be sufficient. We have lived in about our ordinary way, aiming at variety a little more than usual, perhaps, but in keeping close account I have seen the figures go down to an average of fifteen cents a day for each member of the family."

If that man who makes two blades of grass grow were only one had grown before, is a benefactor, commendation and recognition is due her who provides delicious and healthful food for four persons at sixty-five cents a day. When the cost of living may be reduced without affecting the quantity or quality there is so much more to be set aside for a rainy day, for travel, for education, for music, and the various intellectual luxuries the absence of which shortens the distance between animal life and human.

AN APRIL JOKE.

Some little cloud children 'way up in the sky,
Were dancing together in play!
Said one to the others: "Oh, come, let us try
And fool the earth-children today,
We will call on the wind; I am sure at the worst,
He will help us remind them 'tis April the first."

Then a dear little cloud said, "I know what to do,
It will be just the jolliest fun.
We will all nestle closely together near you
Obscuring the light of the sun.
I see the earth's children already at play,
They think they are sure of a warm clear-ant day.

Then moaning and sobbing and crying in rain
Some of us swiftly must go,
And after a time, when the sun shines again,
Why others may follow in snow.
The last must fall down as cold icy hail.
If the wind will but help us our joke cannot fail."

If the little earth's children just knew that the sun
Was hidden by clouds in their play,
That the rain, and the hail and the snow
Just for fun
Had poured and had pelted and frolicked all day
I think they would feel very foolish, and so
I venture to tell them—now they all know!
—Mary Day Harris.

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PARIS LETTER.

It is early in the morning yet the art student has before this taken his easel and hunk of bread to the bit of cloister which is all that is left of the old monastery once a palace and now a museum. Herds of little children are led here every day to be taught many pages of their country's history. Other students from the Sorbonne sunter here and joke among the brought-from-everywhere relics. The Provençal comes to Paris too at this season (spring) with his bride. They have just passed Virot's down on the street de la Paix.

His spring flower garden has exhausted their vocabulary of beau, chic, ravissant, exquis. Her millinery heart strings are torn because *maman* bought her wedding hat at the Bon Marche and he pulls her gently away from the window saying: "Voyons, voyons, ma chérie viens donc, viens."

She soon regains her spirits in that happy, spring-intoxicated crowd. They wonder through the Tuileries gardens along the Seine by the old book stalls until they come to the Pont Neuf. He stops and buys her a bunch of violets from an old flower woman and as he gives her an extra sou the staunch vender ardently crosses herself murmuring: "Dieu tenit les nouveaux maries." They wander on past the great fountain of Saint Michel, and as they mount the long boulevard she keeps very close to her husband. Here they are in the student's quarter—that shadowy spot where he had often dined. They pass two professors whose lectures he had followed. In this cafe "quel bon dine." "Oh, the good old days!" "Not equal though to these ma chérie," he says, suddenly looking down at his bride. But here is my old cafe and my old waiter Jacques, who says, "No, indeed, we have not forgotten M. Marion." The shrewd garcon knows that the presence of madame means more than a sou for him. "What would madame like?" he asks eagerly.

Monsieur Marion orders her a syrop with biscuits and cakes. While madam is sipping her syrop and monsieur is chatting with Jacques of the "old days" she sees across the way an imposing old wall and a bit of garden inclosed by a tall iron railing.

It is the Thermes of the old Musee de Cluny. Our friends think of going in here, but the comfortable benches and bronze cupids of the Luxembourg garden seem more attractive to their second day's honeymoon. In spite of their decision I am going to ask you to come with me to the Thermes and the old Hotel de Cluny. These old baths were probably built in the latter part of the second century by Constantine Chlore, Constantine's father. They were undoubtedly part of a magnificent palace with extensive gardens winding along the Seine. It was here that Julian lived for a time and was crowned by his troops in 360. Valerius and Valens also passed some months in the palace. It is the only remnant of Roman building left in Paris. Then came shortly the barbarian invasions and this Caesar's castle became in time the dwelling place of the Frankish king until they transferred their abode to the isle known as the Cite. After this the estate went from hand to hand until in 1340 it was bought by a Cluny monk. Very little of that wonderful old place was then left; little but what exists today with the exception of the gardens. Upon the remaining fragments the Abbe Jean de Bourbon built the Hotel de Cluny which even today is one of the most beautiful spots in all Paris and perhaps in France. It remained in the hands of the monks, who offered it frequently to the kings of France as a guest house for visiting royalty until a century ago. Then the great revolution confiscated it, as it did

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nearly all church property. Its fate until 1843 was somewhat dubious, when it was bought from M. du Somerard by the government and converted into a museum.

I cannot tell you how great is the charm of this building with its splendid old fire-places, its magnificent oak ceilings, and its treasure houses of antiquities. Especially the additional charm in the spring time when the chestnut trees are in bloom and the ivy that spreads over its walls takes on a fresher hue.

You can certainly satisfy your pet hobby here unless it be of a scientific nature. If you have a fondness for old china there is a royal collection of old Rouen, a fair amount of Delft and wondrous glass. If you have an inclination for old laces and embroideries "vous y-etes." Old ivory too, so finely carved that your eyes fairly ache at the sight of it. Knockers—such a collection You can think to your heart's content how such and such a one would look on your front door. And keys! Such mighty affairs, but with designs that would attract even a Whistler or a Monvel.

I do not wonder that the widow of Louis XII, a sister to Henry VIII, chose the Cluny as the abode of her widowhood. Her room looks out onto that ivy-wound garden and is still called "La Chambre de la Reine Blanche" because the French queens had the happy custom of wearing white for their mourning. From her room opens a small Gothic chapel whose very atmosphere is

religious, so holy is its architecture! From the chapel a winding staircase leads to the garden. Standing here when the wind is blowing it has often seemed to me that I heard the rattling of some old monk's rosary on his way to say mass for "La Reine Blanche," or even the approaching of Francois' retinue on the way to do homage to her.

James V of Scotland was married here to Madeline and many more royal personages have staid here. The Cluny has well withstood the vicissitudes of fortune. In the revolution this aristocratic dwelling place of kings and their kin became the meeting place of republicans, then a dissecting room and finally a printing office, until an antiquarian purchased it for his treasure. At his death the government awoke to its value and made it a national museum. This old building, with its hosts of souvenirs is veritably sacred in the annals of French history.

NELE DOWRAH.

Van Clove—Miss Peachblow is as beautiful as—

Ichabod—As what?
Van Clove—Well, as her own photograph!

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